



Battle Ascending



103 1 4

Chapter 1 by Story Wars

The stern of the ship shook with the might of energy release from the dying star. We hung in the Flavious Octavious Nebula. Right in the middle, the dust particles and gas reflecting the light of thousands of hundreds of stars. We where here to Harvest the dying energy of the Supernova on the very edges of the Flavious Octavious Nebula. Once known as the Mykha Star, the Supernova was far beyond any space we had traveled, but there wouldn't be another phenomenon like this for fifty years. Energy waves this size would surly have tipped off other ships in the galaxy, but as far as we could tell, we where the first in range to Harvest the supernovas dying energy. The crew worked in a mad rush, readying the ship for takeoff as soon as we where finished. The Captain stood and the bow, yelling orders and every so often checking in with me to make sure I was doing my job. "GABE" He barked through my earmike, "REPORT." I tapped the respond reading and ran down the list. "Engines running at 87 percent, Speed 12 nots and energy readouts off the chart sir," I read. The captain chuckled, "JUST LIKE I LIKE IT BOY" Grabbing onto the wheel I double checked the Core readings to our speed. If the ships core couldn't take the energy that rolled off the Supernova it would burn out, and we would be left floating dead in space. Pulling back on the power production I allowed the Core to absorb more energy, which would then be transferred to holding cells in the ship, storing the

priceless energy away till we could sell it on the Black Market when ready. I'd been on the ship for five years, pulled out of school. My god father, The captain, as it happened. And since then I could call "Legal Ventures."

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Doing a systems check everything looked good until a huge hole was blown threw the hull. I was thrown across deck, smashing against side rail I blinked away blood running into my eyes and dragged myself up off the deck, there to the South was a ship. But not just any ship, a double decker M4 sleek Blackout Speeder. This thing was built specifically to take down ships like this one, and its cannons pointed directly at us.

Chapter 2 by Anthony Baima



Captain Judd, the crazy bat that the M4 Blackout Speeder belonged to, known for his judicial prejudices felt the need to take every situation into his own hands. He had clearly spotted us and opened fire on our vessel. Each shot rang through the hull - the deafening sound of our eminent doom growing louder and louder. We had almost absorbed enough energy to support lightspeed and it couldn't come soon enough. The moment we reached 100% capacity, I mashed the button to send us speeding out of range of the notorious self-proclaimed judge. That man was actually delusional enough to believe that harvesting energy was cause to terminate the lives of my crew and I. Judd's belief was that we should partake of nothing that was naturally occurring. Only that we should leave nature to be pure in all it's glory. Out here in the last frontier, law was a joke, survival was king. As we lept out of the Nebula, a colossal sigh of relief resounded from every crew member as we realized our salvation and our livelihood came only from the energy harvest at Flavious Octavious Nebula. A booming celebration of our victory assured me that even though there were some minor breaches, it was nothing we could not overcome together.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

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